

## OUTSIDE PATIENTS.

BUSY MORNING SCENES IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

Dressing Wounds by the Score—Monotonous Calling of Numbers—The Brusque Manners of Gentle Fingered Surgeons. Scenes That Are Touching.

"Is there anybody under seventy?" They are all under seventy, so far as age is concerned, but that is not what the surgeon is crying about. "Is there anybody under seventy?" he repeats, and then, very rapidly, "seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred." And he takes a man, seats him on a stool, flashes a pair of scissors around a bandaged arm, and in a twinkling has laid the flesh bare and is examining it. Then, without asking any questions, he washes, dries, cleans, anoints, runs his ribbonlike bandages around the wounded limb again with swift and skillful fingers, and lifts the man from the stool. It is all done in a flash.

"Come again tomorrow," he says, and then again: "Is there anybody under seventy? Anybody under seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two?"

That is the way it goes on for hours interminably, it seems to the watcher. "Is there anybody under?"

It is in the surgeons' room of a hospital, where the daily flood of wounded humanity is being carried up by the tide of distress to be cared for and bandaged. There are a dozen surgeons there, and always two score or more of patients. The owners of crushed skulls, broken limbs, bruised faces and slashed or burned flesh are let into the room in "batches." They are numbered at the door like checked hats, and they are cared for as their number comes around. No. 1 is first; No. 53 has something of a wait, and No. 133 finds a long interval between the time he is "checked" at the hospital door and the minute he finds himself in a busy surgeon's hands. It is first come, first served, and that is why that monotonous cry constantly arises from the surgeon, "Is there anybody under?"

It is a sorry side of life that one sees here. The people are nearly all of them poor—desperately poor. They cannot afford the luxury of a private physician, however severe their wounds, or however eager they are to get back to their work; and so they come and stand in line, waiting for their numbers to be called, that they may go up and suffer, perhaps a great deal, that afterward they may suffer less. They are of all ages, in rags many of them, some of them limping on crutches, some of them with their heads and faces swathed deeply in bandages, some of them with hands wrapped around and around until they are as big as feather pillows, some of them with feet crushed and mangled, and all of them miserable and suffering. And among them are the white aproned, swift fingered, hurrying surgeons, dressing wounds by the dozen, dressing some of them marvelously quick, and always going on to the next without a pause, with no tremor at the touch of any wound, however deep or foul, and with no twitch of the lips at any cry or flinching from pain.

"Is there anybody under eighty-five? Eighty-six, eighty-seven—So, here you are! No; go to the next table. You can't be dressed here; you are infected. Is there anybody under eighty-eight?"

There is a short pause; then, sharply, "Eighty-nine! Is there anybody under ninety? Ah, here you are. Let me see your card," for every patient has a card, on which is written a little history of his reception at the hospital, his trouble and how he has been treated. "Where's your card?"

No answer to this.

"Where's your card, card, card?"

Still no answer.

"Can't speak English, eh?"

Then follows a series of pantomime. The card is fished out, the patient is placed on the stool, and off come the bandages from his hand. The surgeon's fingers move so lightly and rapidly that before one knows that the man has been touched he has slipped off his stool to the floor, and on his knees, with his stomach pressed close to the stool, his eyes shut, his teeth locked, and his one whole hand clinched and quivering he fights his pain while his wound is dressed. He has not opened his mouth, for these people are used to suffering; they have to bear it, but when he gets up five minutes later with a spotlessly white and clean looking bandage on his hand he looks as if he had marched into the valley of torture and had only crawled out again.

"Come again day after tomorrow," says the surgeon, and then the same old, "Is there anybody?"

It is a busy time. When the linen strips are removed from his head you see that he has a deep gash over his eye. He is a little pale, but he does not even whimper, for he has been through it all before, and knows what must be.

"Now, when I was a little boy," says the surgeon, taking the boy between his knees and looking down into the young eyes, "you should have seen the cut I had. That was a cut," and he rattles along with his cheerful talk, all the while his skillful fingers flitting around that wound until he leans back, gives a half sigh and says, "You needn't come till next Monday." It is all over before the boy knows it.

"It's a busy day today," he says brightly, and then, "Is there anybody below 100? Is there anybody?" And then you get out and walk through into the open air, which is sweet and pure and refreshing. But something seems to follow you. It is the odor of carbolic acid and iodoform, and it sends a dizzying sensation through your brain, so that out in the street, where wheels are pounding on the pavements and men are pushing and hurrying, you can almost hear it—that monotonous, never ending "Is there anybody under?"

—New York Tribune.

**A Few Americanisms.**

I have always regarded "very pleased" as a vulgarism, only not quite so bad as that favorite expression of the uneducated "a very deal." It would be interesting if your American correspondents would favor us with a list of English idioms which are strange to their ears, and it must be done soon, for the languages are assimilating rapidly. I have gathered from American books that "quite so" is one of these phrases. They may be amused to learn that "quite a number," "quite a few," "he don't have," "he had a good time," "he don't," and "he did not ever do it," were as strange to our ears until a few years ago.—Cor. Notes and Queries.

**Where People Write to the King.**

King Humbert, on returning to Rome after a short stay at Livorno, found no fewer than 15,881 letters waiting his attention, all containing some petition. As the majority were from residents in the capital it is calculated that fifteen out of every thousand inhabitants of Rome write to the king for assistance.—Rome Letter.

## A DROWSY DAY.

The air is dark, the sky is gray, The misty shadows come and go, And here within my dusky room Each chair looks gloomily in the gloom— Outside the rain falls cold and slow, Half stinging drops, half blinding spray,

Each slightest sound is magnified, For drowsy quiet holds her reign; The burst stick on the fireplace breaks, The nodding cat with start awakes,

And then to sleep drops off again, Unheeding Towser at her side.

I look far out across the lawn, Where huddled stand the silly sheep; My work lies idle at my hands, My thoughts fly out like scattered strands.

Of thread, and on the verge of sleep, Still half awake, I dream and yawn.

What spirits rise before my eyes; How various of kind and form! Sweet memories of days long past, The dreams of youth that could not last.

Each smiling calm, each early storm, That swept across my waking slum.

Half seen, the bare, gaunt fingered boughs Before my window sweep and sway And chafe in tortures of unrest.

My chin sinks down upon my breast; I cannot work on such a day.

But only sit and dream and drowse, —Paul Dunbar.

## THE DRAGON.

The combination of circumstances that served to bring Miss Damon to L— moneyless, but determined, was known to nobody. All that any one knew of her was imparted by a brief statement made by the editor of The Dispatch to the effect that on a certain blustering afternoon in January she had walked into the office and asked for employment.

He had declined her services, with thanks, but she came again and again, until one day she found a vacant desk, sat down at it, and had been there ever since.

She wrote two or three caustic articles, struck at one or two local atrocities, and in a little while made an enviable reputation for bitterness and cynicism. Her name got out, and after that everything that appeared in the paper was unhesitatingly set down to her credit.

She was not known outside of the office, but the impressions that prevailed concerning her were not flattering.

It was generally agreed that she knew too much to be young, was too cynical to be agreeable, and there was a theory current among the paper's readers that she had been crossed in love and disappointed in her literary aspirations.

She did her work in the daytime, and was little more than a myth to the men who spent their nights in journalistic harness. They were frequently questioned about her, and they generally answered all queries by the broad but meaning statement that she did not "run with the gang."

Soon after she began her mark in her new sphere a book of verses appeared, written by a gentleman of L—, George Lawrence. Copies were sent to all the papers, and one of these fell into the hands of Miss Damon.

She prefaced her criticism with the remark that the verses were not uniformly bad, but ranged from bad to very bad; and then mercilessly impaled the author to the extent of three-quarters of a column.

Lawrence had never forgiven her. He referred to her ever afterward as "the dragon" and the "imperial dragon." The criticized versifier experienced some satisfaction at having thus baptized her with indignation, but he by no means considered himself avenged, and at the mere mention of her name his muscles grew rigid and every artery throbbled with a wild desire for vengeance.

Being clever with a pencil, he made a sketch of her which embodied the popular impression that she was a shrewish person of uncertain age, and it was a source of endless amusement to himself and friends.

Lawrence was a good deal depressed, but he did not intend to be snuffed out in this summary fashion, however, and though for a time he attempted nothing in a literary way, he was casting about for a fresh motive, resolved at no distant date to make another effort.

"The dragon" had recommended prose, he would try prose.

In the meantime summer had come, and Lawrence was to spend several months with some friends in California. When he returned he would go to work in earnest.

Lawrence, on his way to California, had stopped to spend a day at Manitou. He had reached the springs the evening before, and was finishing his breakfast this bright morning in the great saloon of a dining room when the waiter came to announce the carriage he had ordered for the day.

For the last half hour the gallery in front of the hotel had been thronged with tourists, ready to begin the day's sight-seeing, and the double line of vehicles drawn up outside were being loaded with all possible dispatch.

As Lawrence emerged from the dining room the last wagon drove up to the door, and a lady was on the point of getting in, when the driver said:

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, but this carriage is for the gentleman."

"But I ordered a carriage for this morning."

"Your order was too late. They were all engaged. This was the last one in the stables. I can give you one tomorrow."

"I shall not be here tomorrow."

"Maybe the gentleman's going to stay over a day or two and would just as soon drive tomorrow," suggested the driver.

By this time Lawrence had come up.

"If you can give me a horse and saddle it will answer my purpose just as well," he said.

"I haven't got a horse."

"As I leave tomorrow on the early train," said Lawrence, "I cannot conveniently postpone my drive. But we are probably going in the same direction, and I should be delighted to accommodate you with a seat in the vehicle."

There was nothing else to be done. She accepted with thanks.

Lawrence handed her into the carriage and thought, as their eyes met, that she was not an unpromising companion. He was a gregarious animal. He hated being alone, especially in a crowd, and a chance acquaintance was not to be despised.

He handed her his card. She looked at the name, raised her brows slightly, dropped the card into her handbag, and then looking squarely at him, said:

"My name is Vincent."

It was a delightful drive, and neither regretted the circumstances that brought them together. They dined at the same table and finished up the sights in the afternoon.

He met her at the door as she was about to enter the ballroom in the evening.

She wore a dress of black lace, with a sleeveless corsage that displayed a pair of superb arms and a smooth, white neck. He thought, as he stood there looking past her into the ballroom, that no carving could be more classic than her profile.

The ballroom was full of promiscuous dancers.

They passed out on the veranda and sat talking in the moonlight.

Occasionally they would return and beguile the intervals, waltzing when the music permitted, until the crowd of dancers began to thin and the parlor clock struck 1.

"I really must go now," said Miss Vincent rising. "There is 1 o'clock, and I must leave at 8. Good night."

"Which way do you go tomorrow?" asked Lawrence.

"East. I must be at home by the 20th."

"And where is home?"

She gave the name of a village about fifty miles distant from the town where he lived.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said.

"I believe we leave this place on the same train, so I won't say goodbye. And now, just one more dance—the last."

Down the long gallery they floated into the shadow and out into the light, his clasp gradually tightening as they went, her face against his shoulder and his head bent forward until his cheek touched her hair.

The music ceased suddenly, but the arm about her waist did not relax. She gave a furtive, upward glance, then dropped her eyes.

With a swift movement of his left hand he drew her arm up until it encircled his neck, leaned forward and kissed her. She darted away like a swallow, and he caught a last glimpse of her as she turned a corner of the stairway.

When Lawrence came down to breakfast next morning it was nearly 9 o'clock. The early train had gone. So had Miss Vincent.

It was summer again. The work Lawrence contemplated a year ago was finished. He had acted on the suggestion of his critic, he had turned Pegasus out to graze and given his attention to prose.

The result was a novel—the story of a day—called, "En Route," which he assured his friends was suggested by an incident of his western trip.

The book had been published, and the reviewers, to use his own phrase, had "let him down easy," and he was much surprised to find himself gently and adroitly treated by The Dispatch.

The writer was not surprised to find so indifferent a poet capable of producing a tale so pleasing and graceful, so full of felicitous description, so fresh and unhackneyed.

It was understood that the young man was under a solemn promise never again to attempt verse, and, in consideration of this assurance and the promise of success held out by the latter work, it was but just that the public should extinguish its resentment and take the author to a forgiving and indulgent bosom.

There followed a criticism in which the claims of the book were seriously treated, and by the time Lawrence had finished the perusal he was thinking that after all he might have been a little too fierce in his resentment upon a previous occasion.

There arose within him a desire to make amends in some way for his own derision of this person, who, however, hard upon him at first, was clearly without malice in the matter, and had no doubt in each instance expressed an honest conviction.

He wrote a note in which he acknowledged the courtesy, and asked leave to call and thank the writer in person. He had a few copies that had been handsomely bound, intended as souvenirs for his friends. He would be most happy to present one as a token of his appreciation.

The reply to his friendly overture was written upon a card, across the upper left hand corner of which was the day of the week in gilt lettering; on the opposite corner was a pen and ink sketch of St. George in the act of vanquishing the dragon. Below was written:

"Miss Damon will be at home to Mr. Lawrence this evening at 8 o'clock. 705 West Broadway."

This sketch, despite the limited space it occupied, was spirited, and indicated a knowledge of her unflattering sobriquet. As he looked up at his own sketch upon the wall he was conscious of a strong impulse to destroy it.

At 8 o'clock that evening Lawrence, bearing his peace offering in gilt and morocco, rang Miss Damon's bell. He was ushered into the parlor, and in a few moments he heard a rustling of drapery behind him.

As he arose he encountered a slender figure in a toilet of black lace.

"Miss Vincent," he said exultingly. "I have been looking for you everywhere. I have written you innumerable letters, and I have been four times to that horrid hole of a town where you said you lived. Why did you deceive me so cruelly?"

"Why did I deceive you? Well, I did not think it would add anything to your pleasure just then to know the truth."

A horrible presentment seized him.

"Then—then—your name—is not Vincent?"

"Yes, Alice Vincent-Damon."

"You know me of course?" he faltered.

"Yes."

"Don't you think you have taken rather a mean advantage of me?"

"No, I think the truth would have spoiled a very pleasant day."

A week or two later, as Lawrence was sitting in his room, his friend Harrison came, took a seat on the opposite side of the table, and after gazing at his host for some time with a most lugubrious expression, said:

"Old man, is this all true that I hear about you?"

"What do you hear?"

"That you have actually caught the dragon."

Lawrence laughed.

"What does it mean?" persisted Harrison.

"It means that at last I am about to take my revenge. I intend to marry her."

Lawrence made this announcement with dramatic intensity, and Harrison, who had arisen, dropped limply into a chair.

After a pause he pointed to the sketch on the wall and asked pathetically:

"I say, Lawrence, does she look like that?"

Lawrence reversed a photograph that was standing on the mantelpiece with its face to the wall, and holding it before Harrison said:

"She looks like that, and she is the heroine of my story."—Waverley Magazine.

## An Electric Incubator.

A novelty in the hatching of eggs has appeared in the shape of an electric incubator. The special feature of this machine is that the heat of the egg drawer is automatically regulated to the fiftieth part of a degree Fahr. It consists of a tank incubator, heated by radiation from the bottom of a water tank, which is constructed on the multitubular system. When the egg drawer reaches the temperature of 104 degs. Fahr. an electric thermostat connects up a dry battery with an electromagnet, which actuates a damper, allowing the heat to escape through the open air instead of passing through the flues of the water tank. This entirely automatic device is said to effect a saving of 30 per cent in the fuel used for heating.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

**New York Stock Market.**  
New York, Nov. 29.—(Special)—The stock market was dull during the greater part of the day. At the opening a firm tone prevailed and fractional advances were scored for leading shares, owing partly to moderate purchases for London account, but chiefly to buying to cover short contracts. Reading, which was one of the leaders in the upward movement, was taken in round amounts by a firm accredited with being short of that and other stocks for a well-known operator. Louisville and Nashville sold up  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ , the greatest advance of the day in the railway list.

Following a partial elimination of short interest, dullness set in and fluctuations were quite insignificant until the last hour, when the bears made a vigorous and successful raid. Chicago Gas fell  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sugar 2 to 108  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Consolidated Gas 2 to 125  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Distilling and Cattle Feeding 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 66  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and New England 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 41  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Other shares yielded  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.

Statements to the effect that gold shipments will be made Saturday, unless a radical change occurs in the condition of the market in the meantime, were availed of by the bears to depress the list. Rumors were also circulated concerning the health of Jay Gould for the purpose of alarming timid holders. Selling, however, was mainly for short account, and as a rule the net losses for the day were merely fractional. The market closed weak. Sales, 263,000 list; 25,000 unlisted.

Exchange strong at 486@489. Commercial bills, 485@487  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Money firmer at 4@6, closing offered at 5. Government bonds firmer—4s, 114  $\frac{1}{2}$ . State bonds quiet.

Ala. C. & G. 3-38. 102  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. & W. pref. 39  
do Cl B. 5s. 105 N. Pac. 17  $\frac{1}{2}$   
N. C. 6s. 122 N. Pac. pref. 49  $\frac{1}{2}$   
do 4s. 98 Pac. Mail 28  $\frac{1}{2}$   
S. C. con. Br. 96 Reading 53  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Tenn. 6s. 102 R. & W. P. T. 8  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Tenn. 5s. 101 Rock Island 79  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Tenn. 5s. 76  $\frac{1}{2}$  St. Paul 77  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Vir. 6s. 100 St. Paul pref. 121  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Vir. consols. 38 Tex. Pac. 9  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Ch. & N. W. 112 Un. C. & Iron 30  $\frac{1}{2}$   
do. pref'd 140 Un. Pac. 37  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Del. & Lack. 151 N. J. Con. 125  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Erie 24  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mo. Pac. 57  $\frac{1}{2}$   
East Tenn. 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  West. Union 86  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Lake Shore 129  $\frac{1}{2}$  Cot. Oil T. C. 41  $\frac{1}{2}$   
L. & N. 70  $\frac{1}{2}$  Brunswick 7  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Mem. & Char. 50 Mob. & O. 61  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Mob. & Ohio 37  $\frac{1}{2}$  Silver cer. 85  $\frac{1}{2}$   
N. & C. 83  $\frac{1}{2}$  Sugar 108  $\frac{1}{2}$   
N. O. Pa. 101  $\frac{1}{2}$  Sugar Pfd. 101  $\frac{1}{2}$   
N. Y. Con. 109  $\frac{1}{2}$

## Produce and Merchandise.

**New York, Nov. 29.—(Special)—**Southern flour dull, steady. Wheat dull, weaker; No. 2 red, 76  $\frac{1}{2}$ @76  $\frac{3}{4}$  store and elevator, 77@77  $\frac{1}{2}$  afloat; options fairly active and  $\frac{1}{4}$ @ $\frac{1}{2}$  lower, closing weak; December, 76  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; January, 73  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; May, 83  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Corn firmer, fairly active; No. 2, 50  $\frac{1}{2}$ @51 elevator, 51  $\frac{1}{2}$ @51  $\frac{1}{2}$  afloat; Yellow, 51  $\frac{1}{2}$ @52; options moderately active, irregular, closing steady; December, 50  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; January, 51  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; May, 53  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Oats firmer, quiet; options irregular,  $\frac{1}{4}$  up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  down, fairly active; December, 36  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; January, 37  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; May, 43  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; spot No. 2, 36  $\frac{1}{2}$ @37; spot No. 2 white, 42; mixed Western, 36@38.

Coffee, options closed barely steady, 15@35 down; December, 16 15@16  $\frac{1}{2}$  January, 13 95@16 35; Rio quiet, easier; Sugar fairly active, firm. Molasses; New Orleans dull, steady. Rice steady, fairly active. Petroleum quiet, steady.

Cottonseed oil quiet, firmer; crude, 32; yellow, 37 asked. Rosin quiet, steady; Turpentine dull, firm; 31  $\frac{1}{2}$ @32 asked. Pork dull, firm. Peasants quiet.

Beef dull and firm; beef hams dull and firm, 14.50; tierced beef quiet; cut meats dull and firm. Middles inactive. Lard quiet and firm; Western steam, 10 bid; city, 9.25; November, 10; December, 9.95; January, 9.55. Freight to Liverpool dull, weak; cotton, 7 64; grain, 2d.

## Chicago Markets.

**Chicago, Nov. 29.—(Special)—**Lead-futures ranged as follows:

WHEAT—Op'g H'g't. Cl'sg.  
December..... 71  $\frac{1}{2}$  72  $\frac{1}{2}$  71  $\frac{1}{2}$   
May..... 70 70  $\frac{1}{2}$  70  $\frac{1}{2}$   
CORN—  
December..... 42  $\frac{1}{2}$  43 42  $\frac{1}{2}$   
May..... 48 48  $\frac{1}{2}$  47  $\frac{1}{2}$   
OATS—  
December..... 31  $\frac{1}{2}$  31  $\frac{1}{2}$  31  $\frac{1}{2}$   
May..... 36  $\frac{1}{2}$  36  $\frac{1}{2}$  36  $\frac{1}{2}$   
MESS PORK—  
January..... 15 05 15 32  $\frac{1}{2}$  15 00  
May..... 15 10 15 45 15 10  
LARD—  
November..... 9 40 9 50 9 40  
SHORT RINS—  
January..... 7 72  $\frac{1}{2}$  7 92  $\frac{1}{2}$  7 80  
May..... 7 85 8 02  $\frac{1}{2}$  7 90

Cash quotations: Flour dull, unchanged. No. 2 spring and red wheat, 71  $\frac{1}{2}$ @71  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; No. 2 corn, 43  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; No. 2 oats, 31  $\frac{1}{2}$ @31  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; mess pork, 13.75; lard, 9.40; short ribs, 7.80@7.85; dry salt-d shoulders, 7.2@7.37  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; short clear, 8.20@8.25; whiskey, 1.15.

## A Disastrous Freight Wreck.

A disastrous freight wreck on the Norfolk and Western occurred between Blackstone and Weldon yesterday morning at 12:15 o'clock, caused by the westbound freight conductor's overlooking orders. The two trains crashed into each other, completely demolishing both engines and wrecking thirty-five cars. Engineer Lester had his back slightly scalded by escaping steam. Fortunately no one else was hurt, as most of the train men, when they saw the engines approaching each other, jumped for their lives. The wreck caused the passenger train due here at 7:35 a. m. to be delayed several hours and did not arrive until 1:40 p. m. A train was made up at Lynchburg and passed through on schedule time.

## Improving the Telephone System.

The Telephone Company has had a large force of hands employed for the past two weeks in putting in the wires for the new system. They are now all laid and men are busy at work cutting the lines into the houses. The operating room will be in working order in about a week, and then workmen will begin taking out the old phones and putting in the new ones, which will take about three weeks.

## Did Not Find the 'Possums.

A couple of ministers of this city spent Monday night in the woods near Cloverdale hunting 'possums. They had the hunt without the 'possums.

## Old paper, 15 cents per hundred, for sale at this office.

## CIDER! CIDER!! CIDER!!!

CLARET CIDER, CRAB APPLE CIDER, PIPPIN APPLE CIDER, —AT—

R. J. Eckloff's,

No. 21 Jefferson Street.

Finest assortment of Canned Goods in the city. Shafer's Hams, finest in the city. Call and see me.

4517

## VINTON

Miss Mamie Bush, B. L. Cook and Will Gish, who have been on the sick list for several weeks, are all getting along reasonably well.